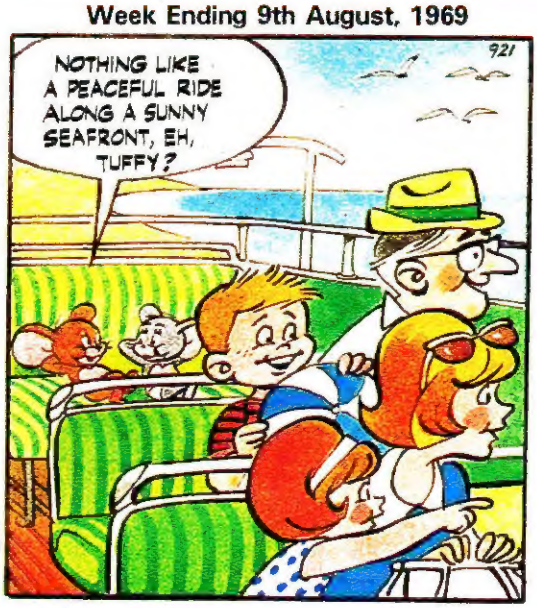
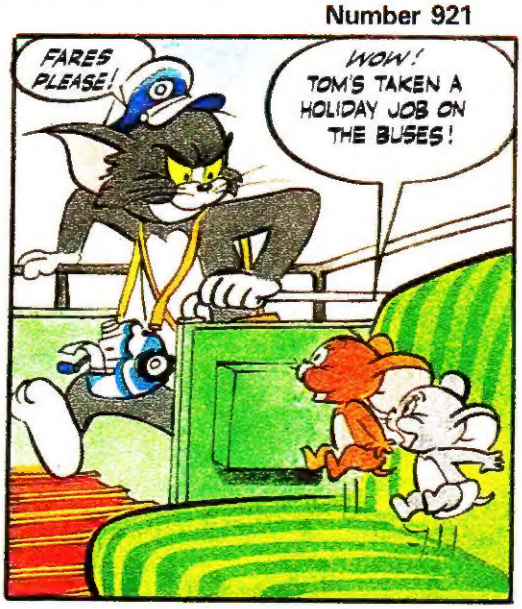
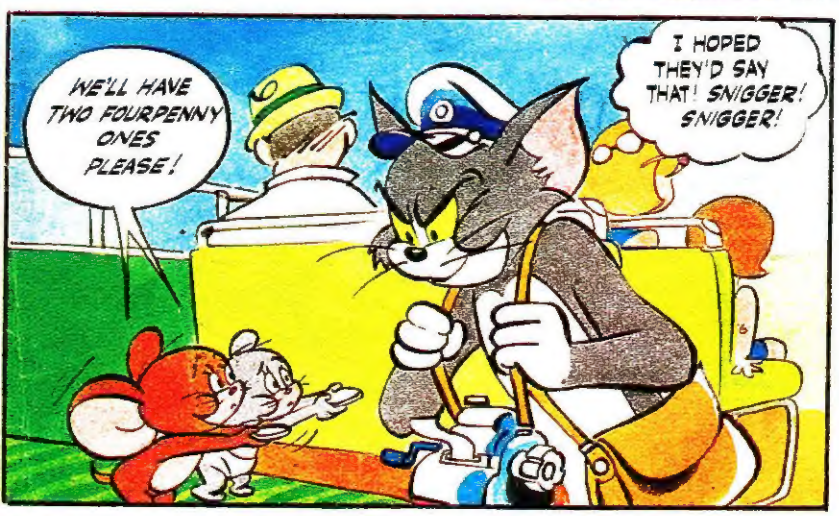
TV COMIC 7d

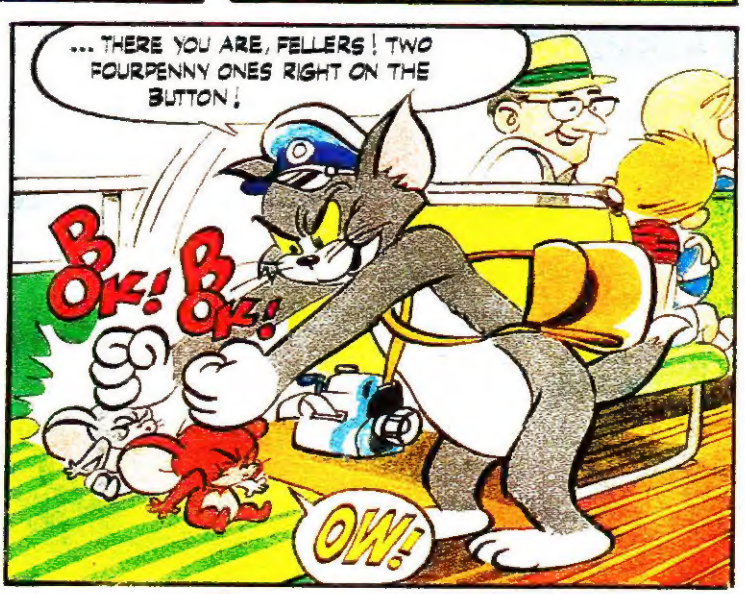
Every Monday | Week Ending 9th August, 1969 | Number 921

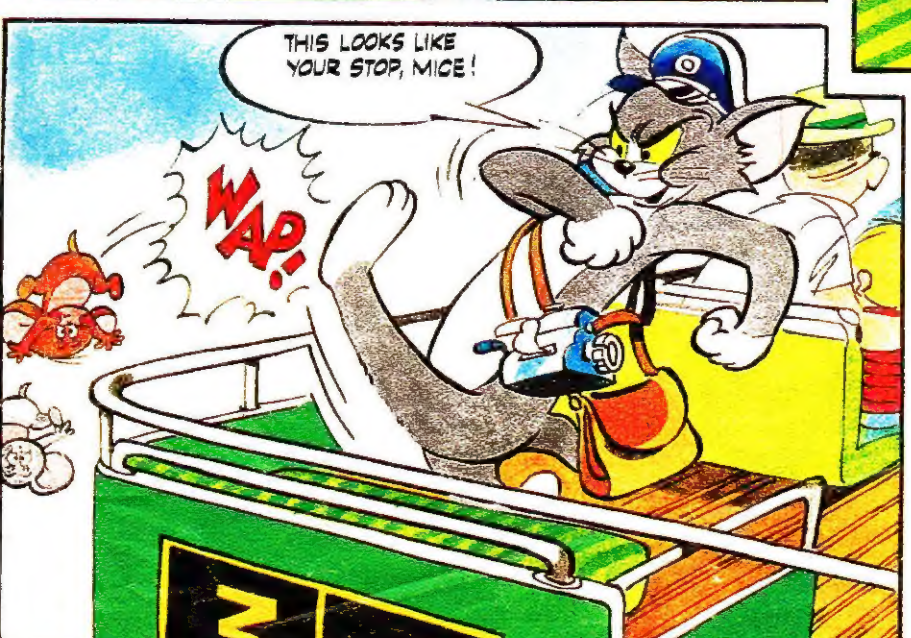
TOM and JERRY

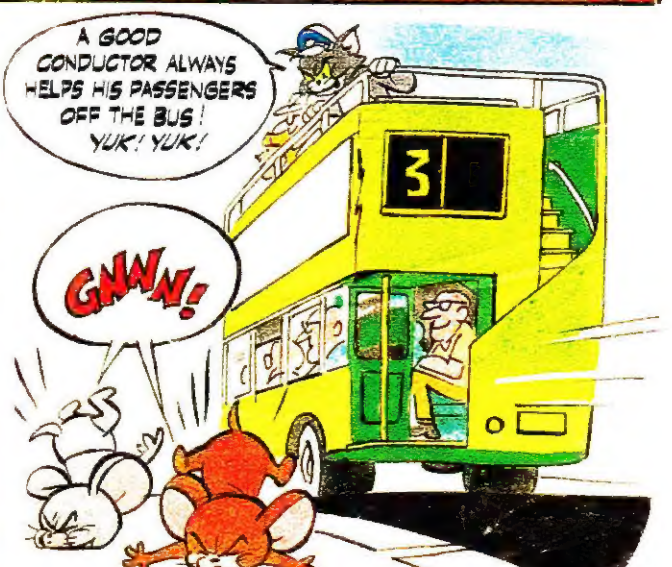












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More mousterics on page 2.

AND SO...
WE'LL FIX THAT CANTANKEROUS CAT FOR WHAT HE'S DONE TO US!
GROAN
THROB THROB
TALK OF THE DEVIL... HERE HE COMES NOW!
LET'S HIDE!
I HAVE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF...I'LL TAKE A DECKCHAIR TICKET IF I MAY, BUTCH!
DECK-CHAIR HIRE
OKAY, CAT!
TOM IS SOON SNOOZING ON THE BEACH...
I'VE A PLAN FOR RETALIATION!
CAREFUL NOT TO WAKE HIM UP, TUFFY!
MY SCHEME'S ALMOST COMPLETE!
TOM MUST'VE COME INTO SOME MONEY, BUTCH!
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT...?
WELL IF HE CAN AFFORD TO BUY FOUR TICKETS FOR ALL THOSE DECKCHAIRS HE MUST BE LOADED!
WHAT THE...? HE ONLY BOUGHT ONE TICKET!
USING MORE DECKCHAIRS THAN YOU PAID FOR EH? I'LL TEACH YOU!
GULP!
GO ON BUTCH, GIVE IT TO HIM... THAT'S THE TICKET! HAR! HAR!
BOK! BOK!
OW! OW! OW!

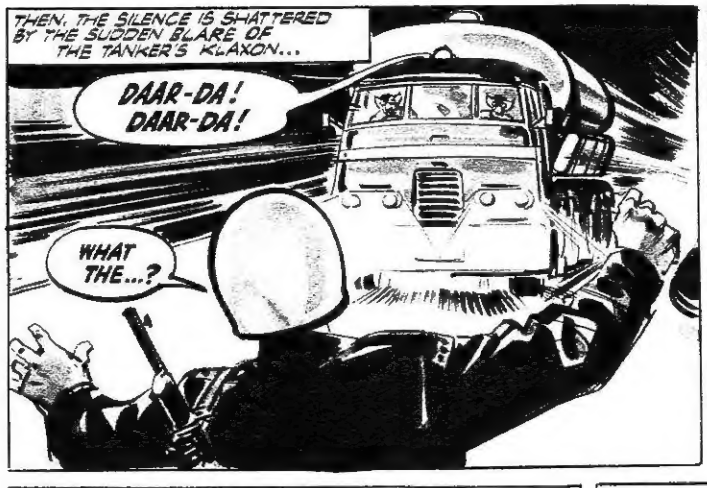
Join Tom and Jerry again next week.

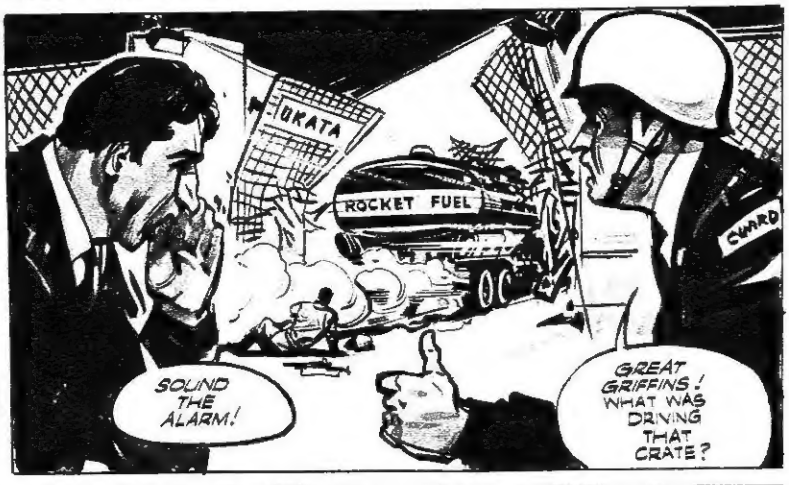
TV Terrors
MMM-MM! WHAT AN INVITING AROMA! FANNY GASCOOKE MUST BE DOING HER TV COOKING PROGRAMME...
T V STUDI
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
DELICIOUS AROMA
921
THERES NO SIGN OF HOPPIT...LET'S SNEAK IN AND SEE IF SHE'LL LET US SAMPLE A FEW THINGS!
I'D LOVE ONE OF THOSE SAUSAGE ROLLS!
SLURP!
DROOL!
LIKE A SAUSAGE ROLL, EH?...YOU CAN TRY ONE OF MY BOOTS INSTEAD...
YIKE!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS... IS IT TO YOUR TASTE?
YEEOW!
WHUMP!
WE'LL GET BACK AT HOPPIT FOR THIS!
GRR!
LATER...
PHEW! IT'S HOT...ME FEET ARE STEAMING... I'LL TAKE ME KICKERS OFF FOR A WHILE AND HAVE A DOZE! PUFF!
SIZZLE!
HISSS!
SO...
ZZZZZ!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE.
ZZZ
QUIETLY DOES IT!
A LITTLE LATER...
YEEUGH! WHAT AN 'ORRIBLE PONG... I MUST LOOK INTO THIS!
AWFUL SMELL!
AWK! WHAT ARE YOU LOT COOKING?
YOUR BOOTS, HOPPIT! HAR! HAR!
FURY!
... HOPE THEY'RE TO YOUR TASTE! HE! HE! HE!
TEE HEE!
STENCH!
WHY YOU!
SMOULDER!
YOU THREE AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO DABBLE IN COOKERY... I'M GONNA MAKE DOUBLE-SCRAMBLED MINCE MEAT OUT OF YOU!
ONLY IF YOU CATCH US, HOPPIT! HA! HA!
WAY OUT

Next week those Terrors are at it again!

THE AVENGERS

A HEAVILY guarded nuclear rocket-fuel plant of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority is under observation by strange figures.



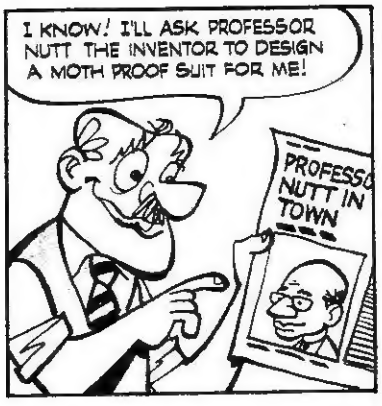


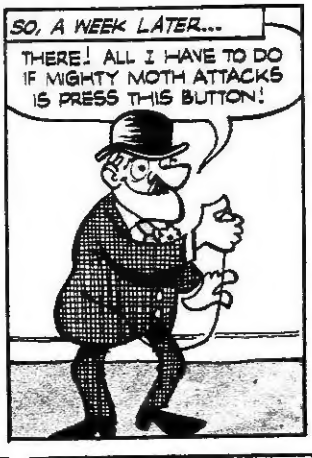
THE FOLLOWING MORNING - AND STEED HAS PERSUADED TARA KING TO VISIT A SKY-DIVING CLUB HE BELONGS TO.
I'VE BECOME QUITE AN ADDICT OF THE SPORT!
GOSH. I HAVE BUTTERFLIES IN MY TUMMY JUST WATCHING!

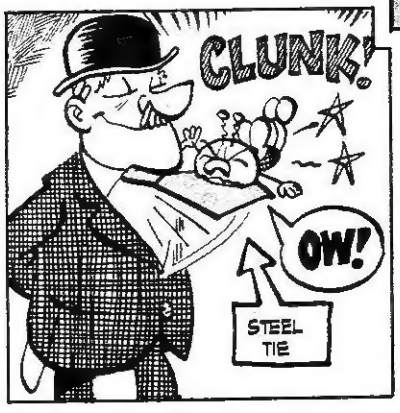
Based on the Thames Television production

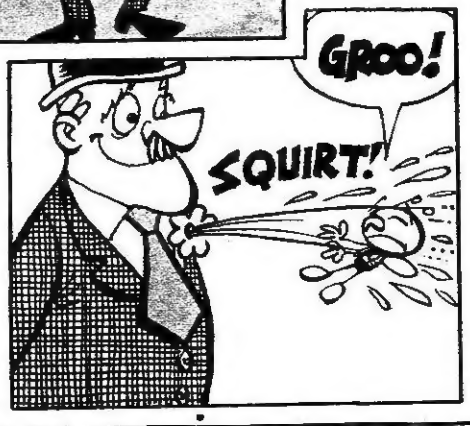
Next week—Tara for the high jump!

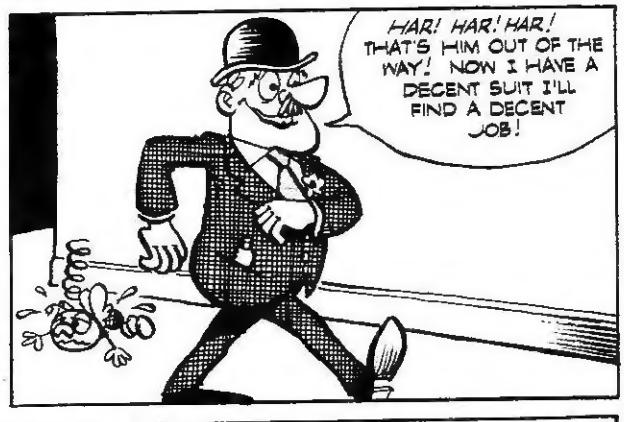
MIGHTY MOTH

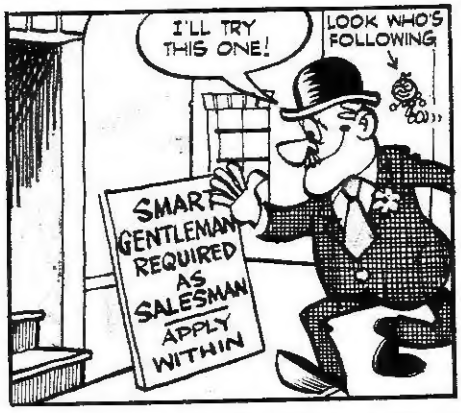


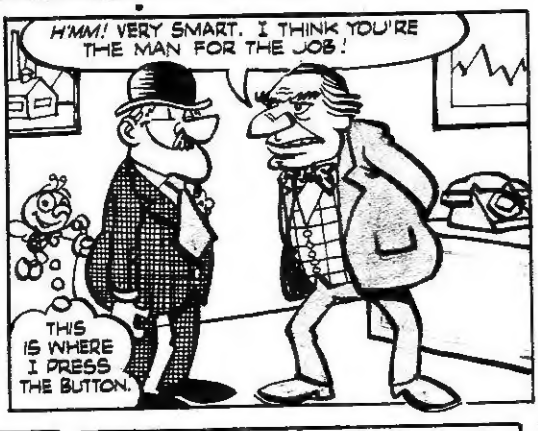


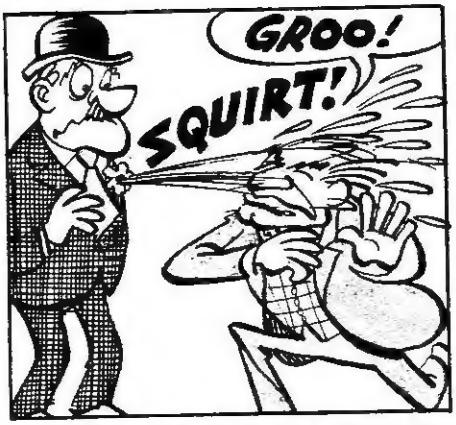












Terrific laughs when Dad's stuck in a traffic jam next week.

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

SONNY and Skippy have been trapped in a cave by a mad scientist who wants to dose them with a drug he calls the " Fighting Fumes." Suddenly, however, a swaggie known as Abo Jones enters and the scientist decides to drug all three.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ONE SNIFF OF THIS AND YOU WILL BE A DIFFERENT MAN!
I DON'T NEED NO MED'CIN, MISTER... THAT KID ON THE FLOOR SEEMS TO NEED IT MORE THAN ME!
I MUST STOP THIS FELLER! THAT ABO IS MY ONLY CHANCE OF RESCUE!
921

YOU WILL TAKE THIS, AS I WILL... OTHERWISE, WITH THE GREAT STRENGTH IT GIVES ME, I WILL KILL YOU!
OKAY, FELLER! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!...

ABO JONES IS A MAGNIFICENT SCRAPPER...
AAARGH!
SORRY, MATE! BUT YOU ASKED FOR IT!
THAT'S THE STUFF.. THAT'S THE REAL THING... GOOD AN' CLEAN!

THE SCIENTIST IS KNOCKED OUT, BUT THE BOTTLE IS SMASHED AND THE FIGHTING FUMES ARISE...
QUICK, WE MUST GET OUT OR THOSE FUMES WILL MAKE US FIGHTIN' MAD... I'LL LOOK AFTER SKIPPY!
OKAY, SON, YOU SEEM TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, I'LL BRING THIS FELLER!

OUTSIDE, THEY MEET MATT AND THE HUNTERS WHO HAVE COME TO SHOOT THE 'WILD' SKIPPY...
DAD! SKIPPY'S ALL RIGHT NOW. SHE WAS ONLY WILD BECAUSE THAT MAN HAD DRUGGED HER...! LUCKILY FOR ME THE ABO IS A GREAT FIGHTER AND LICKED HIM!

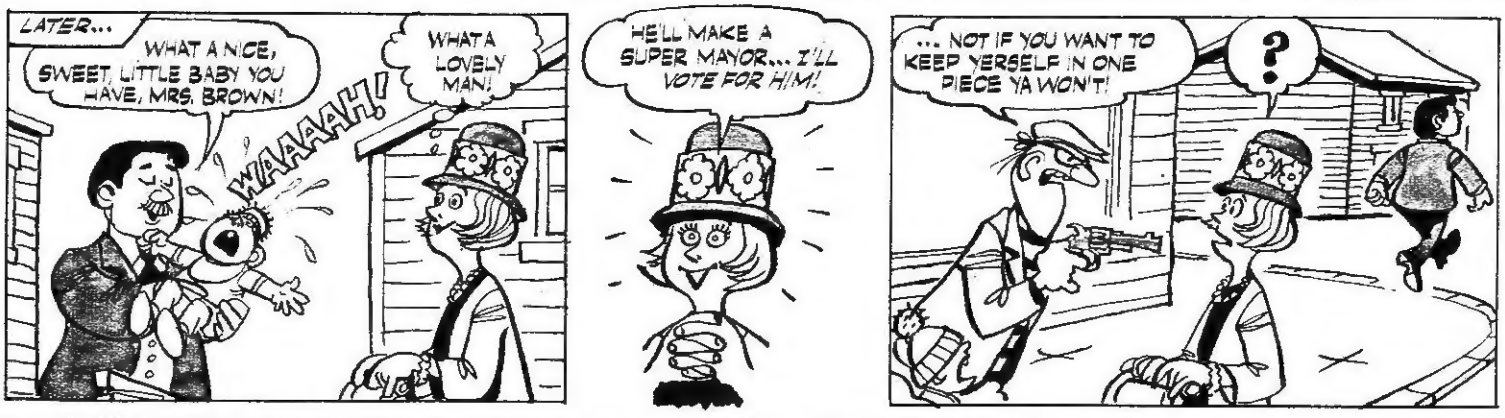
SURE I CAN BOX, MISTER HAMMOND, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY TRAINING BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY FOR IT!
YOU'LL HAVE IT NOW, OLD CHAP, I KNOW A TRAINER IN SYDNEY WHO'LL TAKE YOU ON!
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!
GOOD-OH! WE'LL COME AND SEE YOU IN THE RING.

Norfolk International Films Ltd.

Next week Skippy visits the big city!

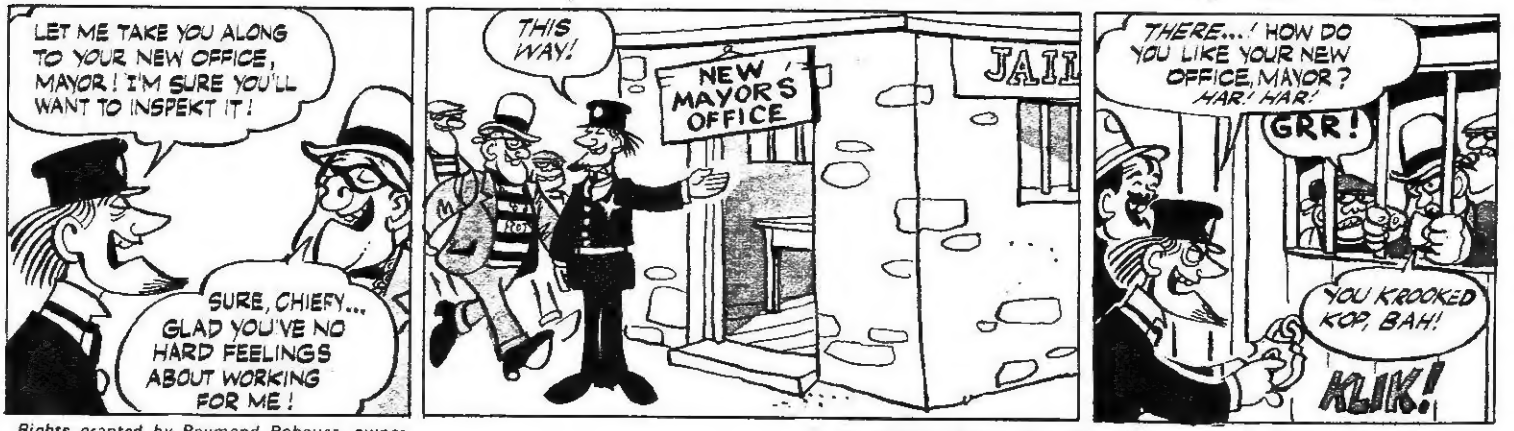
Bob Monkhouse's **MAD MOVIES** *featuring the Keystone Kops*

921
VOTE FOR DAN THE PEOPLES' MAN
HE'LL MAKE A GOOD MAYOR
HMMM! IF I KOULD BECOME MAYOR WE KOULD REALLY RUN KEYSTONE!
THERE! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS MAKE SURE THE CITIZENS VOTE FOR ME!
VOTE FOR THE BOSS OR GIT YOUR HEAD BLOWED OFF
LEAVE IT TO US, BOSS!


LATER...
WHAT A NICE, SWEET, LITTLE BABY YOU HAVE, MRS. BROWN!
WAAAAH!
WHAT A LOVELY MAN!
HE'LL MAKE A SUPER MAYOR... I'LL VOTE FOR HIM!
... NOT IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YERSELF IN ONE PIECE YA WON'T!
?

SO REMEMBER... VOTE FOR DE BOSS!
Y-YES, S-SIR!
TREMBLE
SO ON POLLING DAY...
DON'T FORGET WHO TO VOTE FOR, FOLKS!
VOTE FOR THE BOSS
VOTE FOR THE BOSS OR ELSE!
POLLING STATION
VOTE FOR HIS NIBS OR GIT A GUN IN THE RIBS!

SO THAT'S THEIR GAME! WE KAN'T STOP THEM NOW THEY'RE ALL ARMED!
VOTE FOR THE BOSS
... BUT I'VE A PLAN THAT'LL FIX 'EM!
CHIEFY ANNOUCES THE WINNER...
WELL FOLKS! I HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE BOSS HAS WON!
HURRAY!
THREE CHEERS FOR THE NEW MAYOR!
MY FIRST ACT AS MAYOR IS TO APPOINT MY MEN TO THE KOUNCIL AT SALARIES OF £200 A DAY...! I TRUST THERE'LL BE NO OBJECKTIONS?


LET ME TAKE YOU ALONG TO YOUR NEW OFFICE, MAYOR! I'M SURE YOU'LL WANT TO INSPEKT IT!
SURE, CHIEFY... GLAD YOU'VE NO HARD FEELINGS ABOUT WORKING FOR ME!
THIS WAY!
NEW MAYOR'S OFFICE
JAIL
THERE...! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW OFFICE, MAYOR? HAR! HAR!
GRR!
YOU KROOKED KOP, BAH!
KLIK!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

A horrible fate for the Kops at a fete next week.

BASIL BRUSH

GREAT BARRIER BREAKING BOMBERS! THAT JET SMASHED OUR GREENHOUSE!

TINKLE TINKLE

BANG

JUST LOOK H'AT HIM GO, GUV!

HUH! THEY'RE NOTHING ON THE OLD STRING-BAG AIRCRAFT OF WORLD WAR ONE...YOU HAD TO FLY THEM WITH THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS!

LET'S GO IN FOR SOME TEA AND CAKES, GUV!

THIS REMINDS ME OF MY FAMOUS ANCESTOR BATTLING BRUSH... HE FLEW AGAINST THE HUN IN 1914...

I'VE JUST KNOCKED ANOTHER TWENTY HUN OUT OF THE SKY...

GREAT WORK, BATTLING!

AIRMANS CANTEEN

...I'LL JUST POP INTO THE CANTEEN FOR A BITE TO EAT THEN UP I GO AGAIN TO BLAST THE HUN! HAW! HAW!

AH, TEA AND CAKES... JUST THE JOB!

BLOW ME DOWN.... WHAT KIND OF CAKES ARE THESE?

GRUNK

ROCK CAKES, SIR! TITTER! TITTER!

BAH! JUST HAVE TO GO BACK AND FIGHT HUNGRY!

IS SHE ALL LOADED UP WITH BOMBS, THOMPSON?

'FRAID NOT, SIR!

WE'RE ALL OUT OF BOMBS...

WHAT? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO BOMB THE HUN WITH?

I'VE AN IDEA... THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THIS PROBLEM!

SO...

DOINK

CLUNK

HIMMEL!

URK

ROTTEN ENGLANDER!

THESE CANTEEN ROCK CAKES ARE BETTER THAN BOMBS ANY DAY! HAW! HAW!

... AND THAT'S HOW MY ANCESTOR WON THE BATTLE OF BONKVERTER!

VERY INTERESTIN' GUV... NOW WHAT ABOUT SOME TEA AND CAKES AFTER YOUR LONG STORY?

WHAT THE...?

GRUNK

YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO SERVE A BRUSH WITH ROCK CAKES!

YIPE! THE BATTLE OF BONKVERTER MAY BE OVER BUT THE BATTLE OF THE BUTLER IS JUST BEGINNING! YOW!

Brush up your laughs with good old Basil Brush next week.

ARTHUR

and his Square Knights of the Round Table

ANY OLD IRON... ANY OLD IRON!

RATTLE

HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO DRUM UP SOME BADLY NEEDED CASH!

RATTLE

SO... YOU CAN HAVE EVERY SUIT OF ARMOUR FOR FIFTY POUNDS!

DONE! WHAT A BARGAIN!

CLANG

LATER...

CHARGE!

RUMBLE

WOW! BROADBASE IS ATTACKING!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GO OUT AND FIGHT BROADBASE'S MOB!

WE'RE NOT FIGHTING WITHOUT ARMOUR!

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE ARE ... MAD?

SHIVER

SHIVER

GULP! WE'LL BE OVERRUN!

MEANWHILE...

SNORT

GID AP THAR!

GRUNT

CREAK!

THEN...

WOA!

SNAP

CRASH!

OOPH!

CLONK

CRASH

CLONK!

BASH

GNNN!

AWK!

AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT...

MOAN!

DIZZY

GROGGY

GROAN!

TE! HE! HE!

THAT'S A TURN UP FOR THE BOOKS... THE ARMOUR DID BETTER ON IT'S OWN THAN IT USUALLY DOES WITH YOU LOT IN IT! HA! HA!

Air Programs International

There's an exciting announcement on page 10.

BEETLE BAILEY

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Next week, join the laughter brigade.

HOW ABOUT THIS!

Next week a great holiday cartoon competition

begins in **TV COMIC** with a

✹ REDIFFUSION 19" Colour TV Set

as first prize!

Plus a year's licence paid and dozens and dozens of Tom and Jerry prizes to the runners-up. Every week for six weeks we will publish a comical cartoon. All you have to do at the end of six weeks is to place five cartoons in order of preference, write a caption for the sixth and you're in with a chance to win this wonderful prize. **Basil Brush** will help the editor to select the winners. Tell your friends about this unique competition and be sure to place an order for **TV COMIC**

This competition is open to children up to the age of fifteen.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
BROLLY BOTHER
921
WE ARE NOT GOING FISHING, BECAUSE I HATE GETTING WET AND IT'S GOING TO RAIN SOON.
WELL SWING FISH FROM THE OOPS TOO RISKY SO WE ARE GOING FISHING! YOU WAIT HERE, I'LL FIX YOU UP.
ALSO THERE'S A WIND STARTING TO BLOW— AND YOU CAN'T CATCH FISH WHEN THE WATER'S CHOPPY.
BUT...
HERE'S AN UMBRELLA OKAY, SO NOW YOU WON'T GET WET... SO NOW LET'S GO FISHING!
I'M GONNA LOOK ALRIGHT TWT CARRYING THIS UMBRELLA — BECAUSE IT'S NEARLY PULLING ME OFF THE GROUND!
WELL I'M HOLDING A FISHING LINE, SO WHAT ARE YOU GRUMBLING ABOUT...? HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING OFF TO?
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WALKING ALONG HOLDING IT— BUT FLYING WITH IT IS GOING TOO FAR!
OH-OH, I'M COMING DOWN, AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO LAND IN THE RIVER...
R.M.
WELL AT LEAST IF I REVERSE IT LIKE THIS I WON'T GET WET WHEN I LAND!
HEY-HEY! THIS ISN'T SO BAD, IT'S LIKE SAILING A BOAT. GOOD JOB I REVERSED IT MYSELF THOUGH.
BUT ON A NEARBY ISLAND...
SAY! WHO'S THAT A'SAILING TOWARDS MY ISLAND?
LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THEM CHEESEBY PIRATES I HEAR TELL ABOUT! I'M A-GONNA HAVE TO STOP HIM LANDING!
ONLY ONE THING TO DO! AND THAT'S TO BLAST HIM OUT OF THE WATER! THAT'S A-WHAT!
BOOM!
WHOOSH
SMASH!
LATER...
SO, THIS IS YOUR GAME IS IT? SNEAKING DOWN HERE AHEAD OF ME AND GRABBING ALL THE FISH— AND AFTER WE GETTING YOU AN UMBRELLA AND ALL... YOU'RE DESPICABLE!
BLUB! FLUBPH! SCHPUTTER

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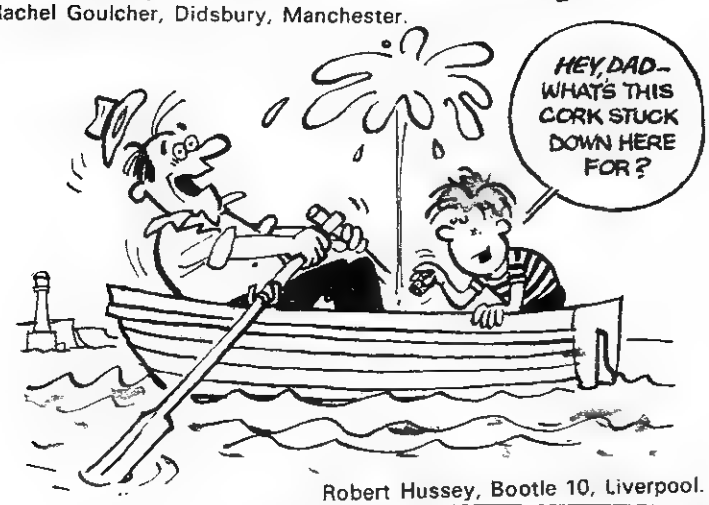
Bugs plugs the gags next week.

PICK of the JOKES

Rachel Goulcher, Didsbury, Manchester.



Robert Hussey, Bootle 10, Liverpool.

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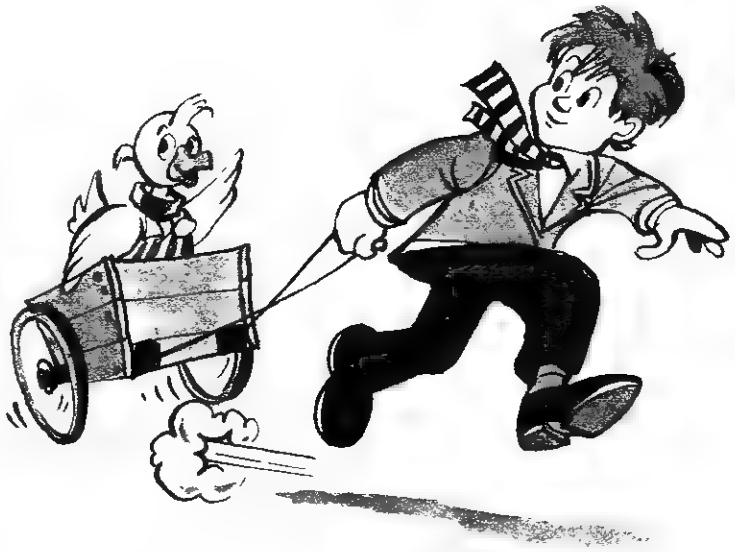
GREAT NEWS!

Next week that famous and funny pair, Tich and Quackers join TV COMIC.



You've laughed with them and Ray Alan in the successful BBC tv "High Jinks" show. Now be sure to meet them every week in this colourful new series, by placing a regular order with your newsagent.

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Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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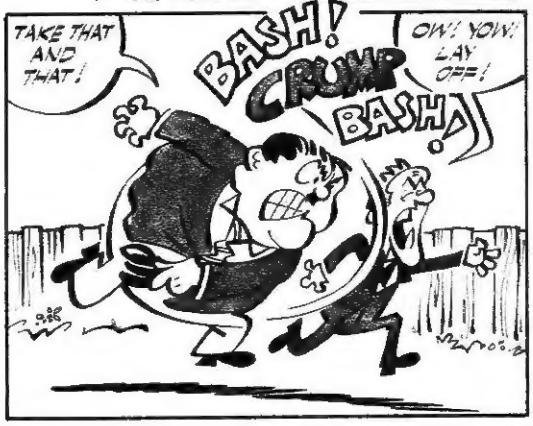
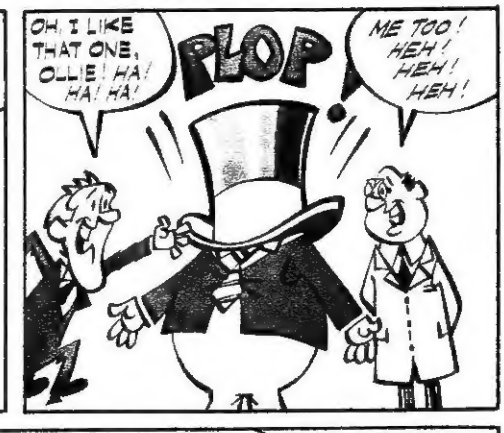


SO...
... THIS LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WAS MEANT FOR THE LADIES DEPARTMENT!
ACTUALLY IT'S THE LATEST IN A LINE OF HIPPY HATS! ALL THE YOUNG GENTS ARE WEARING THEM THESE DAYS!
CHORTLE!



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Doctor WHO

EXILED to Earth by the Time Lords as punishment for stealing the Tardis many centuries ago, Dr. Who has taken up residence in a plush London hotel.
Not far away top medical brains are huddled around a newspaper . . .

921
THERE IS SO MUCH WE COULD LEARN ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF TIME AND SPACE TRAVEL ON A HUMAN... IF ONLY WE COULD EXAMINE THIS DOCTOR WHO!
Daily Record
TIME AND SPACE TRAVELLER RESIDING IN LONDON

DOCTOR ROWAN CARTWRIGHT PUTS IN A CALL TO THE CARLTON GRANGE HOTEL...
DR. WHO?... MY NAME IS CARTWRIGHT... YOU CAN BE OF INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE TO MY COLLEAGUES AND I AT THE MEDICAL RESEARCH CENTRE!
REALLY?... WELL OF COURSE I'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO HELP IF I CAN!

AND SO A THOROUGH EXAMINATION IS ARRANGED FOR DR. WHO...
CAN'T THINK WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN ABOUT MY TIME-BATTERED BODY. IT'S CENTURIES OLD AND NOT EVEN CONSTRUCTED IN THE SAME WAY AS AN EARTHMAN!
THERE IS MUCH WE CAN DISCOVER FROM YOUR TISSUES... THEY ARE THE SAME AS OURS!

AS CARTWRIGHT BARES THE DOCTOR'S CHEST... AN INCREDIBLE MARK IS REVEALED...
AR...! THAT MARK! THE MARK OF TERROR!
WHAT TH...?
CARTWRIGHT! WHAT ON EARTH'S GOT INTO YOU?

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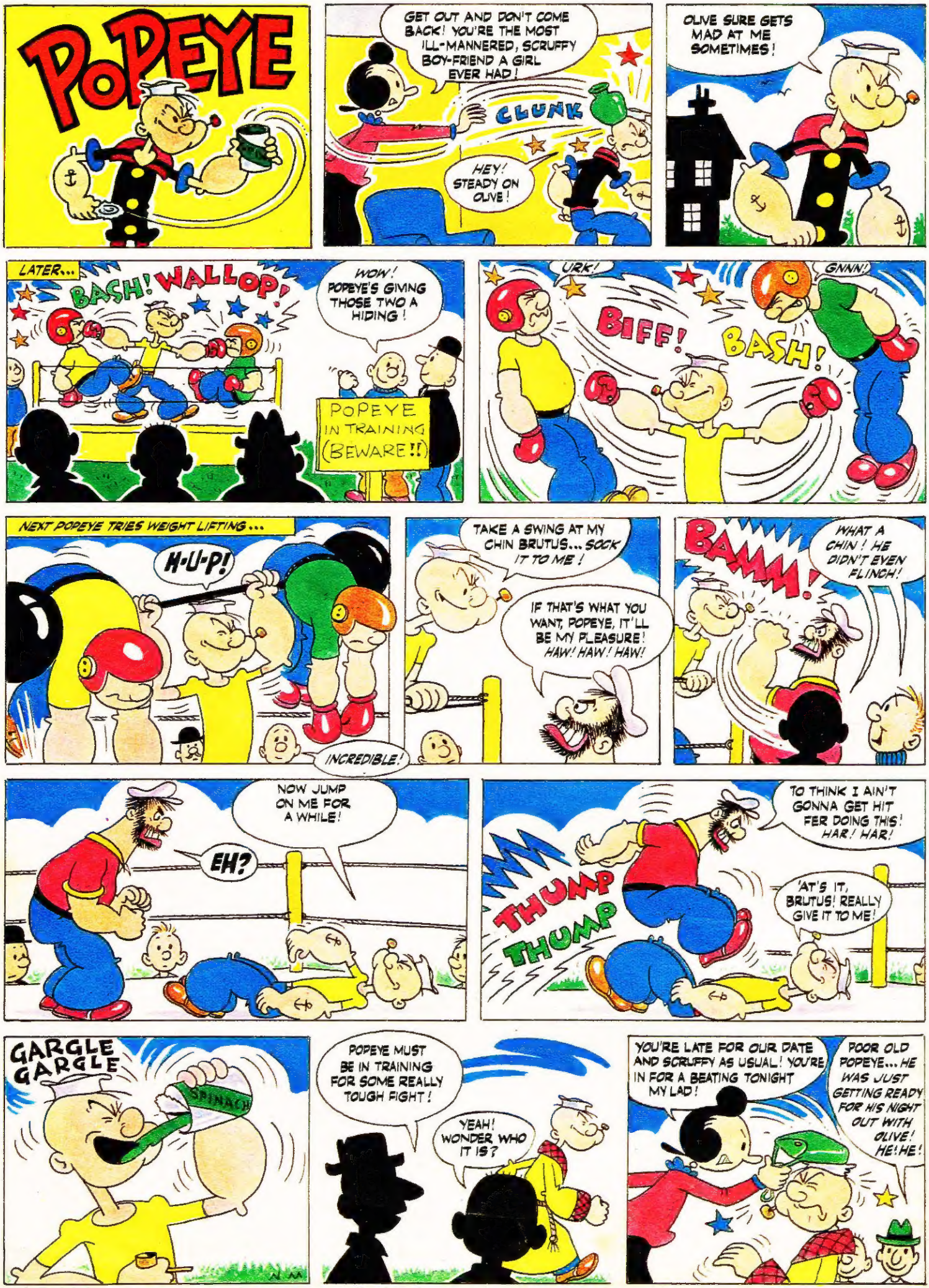
DR. WHO GROPES BACK THROUGH THE PAST.
SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS AGO A MASTER RACE CALLED THE BLENHIMS WREAKED A REIGN OF TERROR ON ALL THE PLANETS IN THEIR SOLAR SYSTEM.... I HAD HEARD SOME OF THE REFUGEES FROM THEIR PURGES FLED THROUGH SPACE TOWARDS OUR SOLAR SYSTEM!
GET TO THE POINT...WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
...IT'S JUST POSSIBLE A FEW SPACE REFUGEES LANDED ON EARTH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, COULD WELL BE CARTWRIGHT IS ONE OF THEIR DESCENDANTS!
HE HAS FALLEN INTO A DEEP COMA!
NATURALLY...THE SIGN OF BLENHIM WHICH SPELT TERROR FOR HIS ANCESTORS AND LEFT ITS MARK ON THEIR MINDS HAS BEEN PASSED DOWN TO HIM THROUGH THE GENERATIONS. HE'S BEEN SHOCKED INTO A SLEEPING STATE.
WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING... WE CAN'T BRING HIM ROUND!
YOU WON'T UNTIL THE HORROR OF THE BLENHIMS IS ERASED FROM HIS MEMORY!
HAVE YOU ANY THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE EQUIPMENT?
THE VERY LATEST... I'LL HAVE IT BROUGHT IN!
LATER...WHEN THE ELABORATE EQUIPMENT IS ASSEMBLED!
I WILL RELATE MY ENCOUNTER WITH THE BLENHIMS TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY.. MY THOUGHTS WILL THEN PASS THROUGH CARTWRIGHT'S HEAD!
IF ANYTHING I SAY STIRS HIM INTO CONSCIOUSNESS... SWITCH OFF THE MACHINES!
SO THE BID TO REVIVE DOCTOR CARTWRIGHT BEGINS.
LET ME TRY AND REMEMBER. I RECALL A HUGE RALLY OF VICIOUS BEINGS SALUTING AN ALL-POWERFUL LEADER...YES,YES...IT'S ALL COMING BACK!

Next week, the Doctor's sinister memories are revealed!


POPEYE
GET OUT AND DON'T COME BACK! YOU'RE THE MOST ILL-MANNERED, SCRUFFY BOY-FRIEND A GIRL EVER HAD!
CLUNK
HEY! STEADY ON OLIVE!
OLIVE SURE GETS MAD AT ME SOMETIMES!
LATER...
BASH! WALLOP!
WOW! POPEYE'S GIVING THOSE TWO A HIDING!
POPEYE IN TRAINING (BEWARE!!)
URK!
BIFF!
BASH!
GNNN!
NEXT POPEYE TRIES WEIGHT LIFTING...
H-U-P!
INCREDIBLE!
TAKE A SWING AT MY CHIN BRUTUS... SOCK IT TO ME!
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, POPEYE, IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE! HAW! HAW! HAW!
BAMM!
WHAT A CHIN! HE DIDN'T EVEN FLINCH!
NOW JUMP ON ME FOR A WHILE!
EH?
THUMP THUMP
TO THINK I AIN'T GONNA GET HIT FER DOING THIS! HAR! HAR!
'AT'S IT, BRUTUS! REALLY GIVE IT TO ME!
GARGLE GARGLE
SPINACH
POPEYE MUST BE IN TRAINING FOR SOME REALLY TOUGH FIGHT!
YEAH! WONDER WHO IT IS?
YOU'RE LATE FOR OUR DATE AND SCRUFFY AS USUAL! YOU'RE IN FOR A BEATING TONIGHT MY LAD!
POOR OLD POPEYE... HE WAS JUST GETTING READY FOR HIS NIGHT OUT WITH OLIVE! HE! HE!

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What is Wimpy's treasure? See next week.